of my fortunes, if they checke me here.
Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I must to the watch.
Cas. Good night honest *Iago.* *Exit.*
Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest-suite she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, were't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course,
Directly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now; for whilst this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore;
Ile poure this pestilence into his care,
That she repeales him for her bodies lust;
And by how much she strines to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse, make the net
That shall enmesh them all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo?*

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgelld: I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, and so no mony at all, and with a little more wit returne to *Venice.*

Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?

What

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witch
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Dos't not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd *Cassio,*
Tho other things grow faire against the sun,
Yet fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe;
Content thy selfe a while; by'th masse tis morning
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon: Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
Ile set her on.
My selfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay. *Exe*

Actus 3. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Cassio, *with Musitians.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pain
Something thats briefe, and bid good mor
They play, and enter the Clowne.

Clo. Why masters, ha your Instruments bin at *N*
speake i'th nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald wind Instruments?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that
masters, heer's money for you, and the Generall so l
sique, that hee desires you for loues sake, to make n
with it.